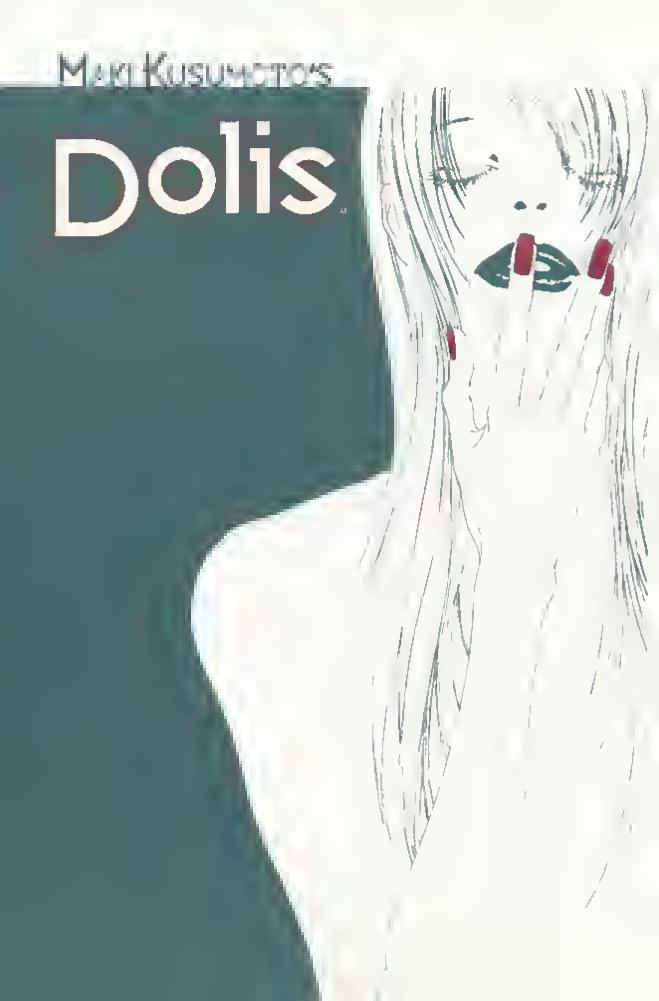
MAKI KUSUMOTO

# Dolis



ALAS, I MUST SUFFOCATE TO DEATH BEFORE LONG.

(OR, IF I'M LUCKY, I COULD MANAGE TO GO MENTAL.)

AH, DOLIS!

LOOK, IT'S COMING UP TO MY NECK.
(I CANNOT REMEMBER HOW TO BREATHE.)

LOOK, I'M BEING CONTAMINATED BY DOLIS FROM TOP TO TOE.
(GOD, GOD, WHAT SHOULD I DO FOR THIS?)

IT'S DOLIS--A FATAL DOSE!

# Dolis

MITSU WAS MODELING FOR A PAINTING.

SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL GRADUATE STUDENT.

HER VEINS WERE FAINTLY VISIBLE UNDERNEATH HER PALE SKIN.

AT TIMES, SHE LOOKED ONLY 17 OR SO.

SHE WAS WAITING FOR SOMETHING.

I ADORED HER ANKLES.

PLEASE. TAKE A BREAK. WE'LL TAKE OVER THE CASH REGISTERS.

HEY, WHAT'S WITH YOUR FACE? GET IN A FIGHT OR WHAT?
YEAH...
SOME-THING TO DO WITH YOUR BAND?
WELL...
YOU KNOW... OUR DRUMMER WANTED TO QUIT THE BAND. THE REST OF US WERE NOT PLEASED, SO WE GOT INTO A FISTFIGHT.
THEN, 'CAUSE I WAS TOTALLY PISSED OFF, I WAS THE ONE WHO ENDED UP QUITTING.
Oh dear. They sacked you
No way! That's my line...
ANYWAY, SINCE I HAVE NO MATES ANY-MORE
...I JUST DECIDED TO FOCUS ON MAKING SOME CASH HERE FOR THE TIME BEING
WELL... IN BRIEF, YOU'RE HAVING A HARD TIME ANYWAY.
Ha ha

HEY, MITSU...

..YOU MIGHT THINK IT'S SILLY AND LAUGH AT ME..

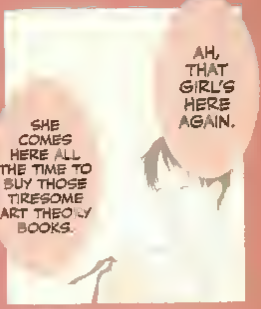
..BUT I LITERALLY SAW A STRING OF FATE

THE TENTACLE-LIKE STRING..

..REACHING OUT TOWARD ME LIKE A CREATURE...

...COMING FROM YOUR NARROW ANKLE...

...TRYING TO CAPTURE ME.



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